

WOMAN---SHE GRIEVES, LOVES, DECEIVES;

LOVE'S ILLUSIONS FOR ACTRESSES.

A Young Composer's Sees His Sister's Soul in Minnie Schult's Eyes.

HE SHADOWED HER. DRAWN TOWARD HER.

The Little Songstress Became Alarmed and Made Complaint.

TO Minnie Schult has come the soul of the sister of George W. Elser; of his tall, lily-like sister, who died in December, leaving him inconsolable for days that seemed endless.

He is happy since Thursday, when Minnie Schult appeared to him for the first time at Huber's Museum, on the stage where her art is idolized. He went to her impulsively and said: "You are Minnie Schult, of whose voice I have heard so much praise; you are the wife of Mr. Huber, and you do not know me. But you have the soul of my sister, for you have her eyes, and eyes are mirrors of the soul; you have her voice, and the voice is the most characteristic expression that the soul has; you have her manner of walking, and none could imitate that consciously."



Delia Fox, the Object of a Young Composer's Love.

George W. Elser's father and mother say he had not smiled since his sister's death, but the radiance of his face since Thursday has made them glad. "He is mistaken, doubtless, about his sister's soul," said Mr. Elser last night, "but why should he be disabused, even if it could be done?"

Mr. Elser, Mrs. Elser and their neighbors at Avenue C and Thirteenth street, have only encouraged young Elser's illusion. In the poor little pawnshop where he works, at No. 270 Stanton street, he spoke joyfully last night of his discovery. "Something drew me to Huber's Museum that night," he said. "I couldn't tell what it was. I went without knowing that I was going."

"I recognized my sister when I saw her, and I almost wept. No, I haven't read about the Theosophists, and I do not know what transmigration is; but I am sure that my sister's soul is in Minnie Schult. I want to know nothing more. I have seen her every day since Thursday. She was his sister, and she exerted her influence over him beyond the house circle, where he is loved. He carried to his classmates in the synagogue playthings which his sister had taught him how to make, and told them stories which she rehearsed and which held them entranced and captive."

"I shall have to be a very passive Miss Elser in story-telling," said Minnie Schult last night, "but perhaps I can teach him how to sing."

George's uncle is a florist, and he gives him lilies, roses and violets for Minnie Schult whenever he asks for them.

THE OTHER WIFE'S STORY.

Mrs. Crosby's Tale of His Wanderings and Fortune Is Contradicted.

Scranston, Pa., May 3.—James Crosby, who turned up at Highland Falls, N. Y., on Saturday after a disappearance of thirty years, telling the wife from whom he had thus long been separated that he had accumulated wealth and would make her remaining years happy, had been in Scranston since last September.

He came here from Hinghamton, and under the name "S. A. Crosby" engaged in the manufacture of awnings. To-day it developed that "S. A. Crosby" is a woman. She was seen at the Crosby business place, No. 225 Lackawanna avenue, and said she and James Crosby were married at Albany upward of six years ago. His story of accumulated wealth, she declares, is untrue.

Mrs. Crosby No. 2 was inclined to-day to follow him to Highland Falls and cause his arrest, but later decided to let him alone.

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WOMEN HISS A HINDOO'S SCOLDING.

He Told a Western Congress That They Were Savages.

"I WILL GO LIKE A HERO."

But the East Indian Crawled to Safety Through a Coal Hole.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—A Hindoo, styling himself the Brahmarishu, Bobhabhishu, nearly caused a riot at the meeting of the Women's Congress by denouncing the women of the West as savages, and declaring that he had been insulted.

Women from all over the State have been in session here all this week. The Brahmarishu Bobhabhishu has been a picturesque figure, always attired in a flowing gown of silk, and wearing a blue turban. The women have made much of the man from India, who has posed as an example of humility and gentleness, and last night he was invited to speak on the subject of "Religion as a Synonym of Education."

Instead, he stepped forward, and in unqualified language attacked the congress. His motives and the honesty of its speakers. He was listened to with suppressed indignation, which finally found expression in protest and hisses, and then, after several vain attempts to be further heard, he strode, with what he called "bravery and heroism," from the scene.

Some One Pulled His Robe.

During his speech he announced that he had been insulted because, as he averred, on Thursday evening his flowing silken robe had been pulled by one of the ladies while he was talking—pulled, he said, to insult him because he was telling the truth in opposition to the "horrible and foolish doctrine of heredity." Bobhabhishu attacked women in general. He called them dishonest and added:

"The women of the West are savages. Will you tell what is the difference between the Indian who puts war feathers in his hair, and the woman who puts feathers and flowers in her hat?"

Safety Reached at Last.

He began a personal attack on Mrs. Gardner, but his voice was drowned by the storm of shouts and hisses from the audience. When finally quiet was restored the Hindoo explained: "I will go like a hero; I will be brave." He gathered his silken robes about him and strode from the stage. Surrounded by his friends he was escorted to the furnace room and let out into the street through the coal hole.

The women of the congress deny that the East Indian had been insulted and said they had heard nothing about it until he made his attack.

The Hindoo claims to be the guest of the congress through an inquiry at the Theosophical headquarters for Mrs. Annie Beasant, who was expected in this city. As she would not reach here in time, the Brahmarishu was recommended. He was in Los Angeles, but the congress provided him with transportation and paid his expenses while he was in this city.

COLD LEAD HER DEFENCE.

Policeman's Wife Protects Clean Linen with Bullets.

Prostrates an old Neighbor.

MICHAEL J. CANNON lies at his home on Arthur avenue and One Hundred and Eighty-fourth street prostrated by two pistol-shot wounds. Mrs. Catherine Devlin, wife of Patrolman Peter Devlin, of the Thirty-fourth Precinct Station House, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh street and Bathgate avenue, is locked up in Morrisania Police Station charged with having inflicted the wounds.

Mrs. Devlin is the mother of four children, and is a pleasant-faced housewife whose hair is black and whose eyes are blue. She was in the depths of despair last evening, but positively denied the shooting, and claimed to have been most outrageously treated.

Cannon is the owner of a small house and garden in the annexed district, near Crotona Park. He is forty-five years old, and the father of several grown children. He has not been in excellent health recently, and has had little employment. He was weeding onions yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Devlin was hanging out her Monday washing.

Cannon says that Mrs. Devlin has regarded him unfavorably ever since last Tuesday, when he hit her pet dog with a stone and so added the dog's wits that the brute was killed. He declares that Mrs. Devlin spoke to him as he weeded onions and threw over the fence soapy, dirty water, some of which alighted upon him. He says she also threw some fragments of plates at him, without provocation, and that he threw earth from his onion bed upon her white linen. Thereupon, so says Cannon, Mrs. Devlin appeared at the back of the house with a revolver, firing three shots at him. One bullet penetrated his right arm, one hit his neck and the third went wild.

Mrs. Devlin says she had no words with Cannon, threw no water on him nor plates at him. But she said that while she was hanging out the wash some one threw earth over the fence upon the clean white clothes. That some one, she believes, was Cannon. She heard the shots, but cannot say who fired them.

Patrolman Devlin almost fainted when told on his return to the Thirty-fourth Precinct Station House that his wife had been arrested on a charge of attempted murder. Mrs. Devlin was removed from the Thirty-fourth Precinct Station House to Morrisania, where there is a matron, and there her husband found her. He strove all night to get bail for his wife, who will be arraigned in Morrisania Police Court to-day.

M'LEAN FOR HANNA'S SEAT

The Ohio Democrats Caucus and Decide It So; Also That Paul Sorg Shall Succeed Bushnell.

Paul Sorg for Governor and John R. McLean for United States Senator to succeed Mark Hanna is the programme of the Ohio Democrats. This was decided at a conference of Democratic leaders from the Buckeye State held at the Hotel Netherland last night.

The formal announcement was made at the caucus that ex-Senator Calvin S. Brice will not be a candidate, and that the influence of his friends and his machine will be thrown to John H. McLean.

WOMEN, TAKE WARNING FROM THIS.

Lawyer Burgess Sues the Widow Bode for Breach of Promise.

ASKS COURTSHIP EXPENSES.

Another Won the Widow, but the Rejected Suitor Vows Vengeance.

THE fickleness of a widow is a subject upon which C. Augustus Burgess, a lawyer well known in Mor-

risania, is wont to discourse these days with fluency and energy. He has aired his grievance before Justice McCrear, in the court at One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue, but has met only with disappointment.

Mr. Burgess is fifty years of age. He has been married three times. Last winter there lived in One Hundred and Fifty-fourth street a widow, Mrs. Peter Bode, about twenty-seven years of age, who is decidedly good looking. She moves in the best Morrisania society. The lawyer met and wooed her, and he affirms, thought his wooing was progressing favorably.

He spent much time at the home of the widow and was always cordially received. His surprise came when he learned that Mrs. Bode had wedded John Kelly, a rosy, young Hercules—a superintendent in Commissioner Haffen's department in the annexed district.

Burgess set forth in his bill that while courting the Widow Bode he purchased for her various articles of wearing apparel, constructed of the finest quality of silk, and all essential to the wardrobe of a lady. He produced receipts for the articles, which showed that he had expended therefor the sum of \$77.50. For this amount he sought judgment, because, to the best of his knowledge and belief, he asserted, it was impossible to recover any other way.

Mrs. Kelly said it was true that the late sister had presented to her the articles enumerated in the bill of particulars, and that she had accepted them; but, she added forcibly, they were given to her without any promise on her part that she was to reward the donor of them by marrying him.

The lawyer might have let the matter drop at this, but he has since learned that Mr. Kelly was courting the widow all the time he thought he was courting the late Mrs. Bode. It was the custom of Mr. Kelly to call around at the home of the widow after he had left on Sunday afternoons and spend the evenings with her. This started his blood boiling again, and he asserted he will go further for vengeance. Mr. Kelly, on the other hand, states informally that if the lawyer does not cease his lamentations he will punch his head

fourteenth street. Shortly after 7 o'clock, Mrs. A. H. Maloney, who lives on the second floor of the house at No. 263, saw flames in the bathroom of the vacant apartment, which is separated from her rooms only by a narrow hallway.

A moment later the windows burst and the shaft filled with smoke. Accompanied by Mrs. Van Buren, the janitress of the house, Mrs. Maloney ran to the burning building and gave the alarm to Mrs. Annie Gillen, who lives on the first floor. An alarm of fire was immediately sent.

FIREBUG AT WORK, GIRLS IN A PANIC.

Torch Plied to a Harlem Apartment House.

TENANTS ALARMED. IRON ESCAPE FILLED.

Sick Girl Wrapped Up and Carried Out to a Place of Safety.

A FIRE, the origin of which is regarded as suspicious, started early yesterday morning in a vacant apartment on the second floor of the flat-house at No. 265 West One Hundred and

fourteenth street. At the first note of alarm two or three of the girls fainting. The rest made a huddled rush for a narrow wooden staircase that was filled with the smoke coming up from below.

The fireman tried to check the rush, but was carried along in the frightened, struggling crowd.

"Stop!" he yelled, "and go easy or you'll all get killed. There's plenty of time to escape."

But the stampede was on and would have resulted in death, perhaps, but for the arrival of the firemen. They entered the rooms by way of the fire escape, and quickly set about handing the girls down the iron ladder. Some of them still screamed, and struggled while being rescued. Fireman James Fallon carried five of the girls down the ladder. They were: Fannie Sackett, Elizabeth McMorick, Josephine Gower, Martha Harrison and Maggie Harrison.

It took but a short time to clear the building. None of the girls was injured, but half a dozen more fainted on reaching the street and after the danger had passed. An acid explosion, which caused the works of David Hale, on the second floor, caused the fire, which did little damage. Several men were at work on the acid vat when the explosion occurred, and one of them was slightly burned on the hand. The acid set fire to the pitch-soaked board and sent up the smoke that caused the panic in the bindery. The damage was confined to the nickel plating works.

WOMEN HELP COLUMBIA.

One Contributes to the Robert Center Fund, and Another to the Engineering Department.

The Board of Trustees of Columbia University met at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at which the following members were present: W. C. Schermerhorn, Rev. Dr. Dix, S. T. Nash, C. A. Sullivan, P. A. Schermerhorn, Edward Beckman, Bishop Littlejohn, Edward Mitchell, G. L. Rives, Dr. W. H. Draper, Rev. Dr. Vincent, Dr. G. C. Wheelock, H. H. Cammann, J. B. Pine, Rev. Dr. C. and Frederick Bronson.

The president announced the receipt of a check for \$5,000 from the estate of the late Joseph W. Harper, formerly a trustee of the university. Elizabeth Mary Ludlow gave the university twelve lots in Brooklyn, to be added to the Robert Center endowment fund for the mechanical department. Margaret Edson gave \$1,000 toward the equipment of the department of mechanical engineering.

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This Woman Is Accused of Shooting a Man.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion, are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.